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her gifts on some, she has counterbalanced those gifts with equal disadvantages. But to return to our subject, before the invention of gunpowder, it was necessary that a man should be robust and strong, else he would never be able to undergo the fatigue of battle; for on strength alone their success depended. But however important strength may have been, all the forces of Greece could never have taken Troy without the wisdom and prudence of Nestor. And in those days when strength was in highest estimation, it was never esteemed equal to prudence, which may be proved by their poets painting Minerva, or wisdom, conquering Mars, or the strength of arms, in every attack.

For examples of the superiority of wisdom over bodily strength, let us read the battles of the Persian war, but especially the battle of Salamis, where, Themistocles having drawn up his little fleet in a narrow part of the bay, the Persians were unable to bring all their forces into battle, and those vessels which could not be placed in battle array on account of the narrowness of the sea only served to confuse the rest. So that the Persians being deprived of both the power of fighting, and flight, received a total rout from the enemy.

INVIDUS ALTERIUS REBUS MACRESCIT OPIMIS.

Envy is the pain which we feel at another enjoying the good which we ourselves desire and have expected. It is a pain which a noble mind can never suffer: it arises from a depraved selfish disposition which cannot endure the welfare of others. As there is no just grounds for envy, it can admit of no consolation; we wish to hide our spleen for fear of being reproached; and thereby shut up a viper in our breast that is continually preying on our heart. Hatred and malice, which are more voracious than vultures, are always tormenting the envious man, who, like the bat, flies from the light, devoting his hours to darkness and solitude.

There is no passion has been so destructive as envy; almost all the broils, assassinations and conspiracies during the Roman empire, were merely owing to this, and was it not envy that first brought "sin into the world and all our woe?"

There is no hatred so strong as that through envy, and the only cause of this hatred is, that another having been desirous of the same object as ourselves, has been more fortunate in his pursuit. If a man had even policy, he would never show himself to be averse to the prosperity of his friends, for the gifts of his brother may in many respects be useful to him. But all chance, this; the envious man loses, and has nothing in exchange for it but a continual fretting, and gnawing of his heart. He detests the appearance of mirth and joy: his only joy is the misfortunes of his neighbour, and as Ovid remarks:

"Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile vidit."

Detraction seems to be the whole employment of the envious man, he catches at the failings of his neighbours, in order to expose them, and he does not stop to ridicule even their virtues, by turning them to scorn! and as what is straight seems crooked, when seen through the water, he wishes to make every one appear worse than he really is. And as for detraction, it cannot be so managed but it will be found out. He that is still putting in caveats against men's good thoughts of others, will soon discover himself to do it through envy, and that will be sure to lessen their esteem of himself, but not of those he envies, it being a sort of proof of those excellencies that he thinks them worthy of envy.

DEGENERES ANIMOS TIMOR ARGUIT.

In the earlier ages of Greece and Rome, men were not respected on account of their riches, nor were they accounted noble because they were descended from rich parents; but it was wisdom and courage that raised them above their fellow-citizens. The renowned Socrates, whose father was a statuary, and mother a midwife, was raised to the head of the Athenian state. Demosthenes was the son of a blacksmith; and Miltiades, who at the head of the Athenians, overthrew the vast armies of the Persians, was forced to die in confinement, because he could

not pay a fine of fifty talents, which was imposed on him by his fellow-citizens.

We may see from Homer, in what estimation courage and valour were held. Through the whole course of the Iliad, the bold and courageous claim all our attention, whilst the powerful Agamemnon scarce occupies the smallest particle of our concern. We do not hear of any Greek boasting of being descended from rich parents; they gloried in having forefathers who had done great services to their country, as the sons of Hercules, who boast of *their* descent, whose father was a slave. Hence, it was courage alone that was esteemed nobility, therefore nothing was so great a mark of degeneracy as fear.

A man without courage is unable to perform any business of difficulty; his heart fails him at the least opposition; and when danger appears, he is confused and embarrassed, sinking under the weight of his own fears. But the brave man moves on like a great river, bearing off before him all the obstacles that oppose him, and growing more powerful where he is most opposed.

When a brave man is encountered by misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight, and his constancy surmounts them.

It is wonderful the influence that a courageous soul has over the body. It invigorates every limb, and gives us as it were a double strength; whereas, on the other hand, the fear of death kills more than death itself.

We may see the various effects of courage and fear, from the battle of Thermopylæ, where a few Greeks, with a firm resolution to die, killed thousands of the enemy. On the other hand, the Persians being surprized at an assault so unexpected, and an attack so vigorous, yielded themselves as a prey to the Spartans.

In short, there is nothing so necessary as courage; for as dangers and misfortunes are more or less the fate of every one, it is necessary we should have a sufficient share of courage and patience to support with a becoming resolution the various vicissitudes of life.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A FATHER, HIS SON, AND DAUGHTER.

Father. WHAT book do I see you so intensely engaged in reading?

Daughter. Burns's works. I cannot stop reading either his prose or verse, when once I begin.

Father. Which do you like his melancholy or cheerful pieces best?

Daughter. Indeed they are both so evidently the overflowing of his heart, that they touch mine equally.

Father. I think he indulged too much in the satirical; his writings appear to me calculated to injure the cause of religion in young minds; and his unguarded conduct had a still greater tendency to injure by example.

Daughter. Perhaps so; but it is evident to me that he only intended to ridicule hypocrisy or superstition. In his serious writings, we find Burns adoring religion, and trembling at the consideration of his sins.

Father. He had a warm heart, and strong feelings, therefore he strongly felt the power of religion, as well as the power of evil temptations. He had a keen perception of all the sublime and beautiful in nature and religion; there is nothing so much calculated to excite pathetic feelings, or raise the soul to sublime heights, as a sense of religion; yet this extatic or melting devotion I do not think calculated to render us really good, self-denying, and steadily, perseveringly virtuous; like other strong passions, they burn out, and a void is left—a painful or wearisome void. How did Burns occupy that void?—other passions arose in the stead of those momentary raptures; the love of admiration, of social company, where his abilities might be called forth, drew him, as it has often done more steady characters, into the love of drinking. His tender conscience, and all his fine feelings are lulled to sleep, or banished from his mind;—the intoxication is over—remorse fills the dreary vacuum; he flies back to the cause of his remorse; he drowns it again—again it arises, and again and again in ten fold force; his wretchedness overwhelms him, and he sinks